



A MONTHLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published by a Committee of Ladies.—TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, in Advance.

VOL. I. *Amelia Bloomer*

SENECA FALLS, SEPTEMBER, 1 1849.

NO. 9

For the Lily.
The Mariner's Prayer.

'Twas calm; and o'er that boundless deep
Each wave seemed hushed in sweetest sleep;
And the stars peeped out from their high abode
As o'er the blue waters that proud ship rode.
The sight was most glorious, and the monarch of sea
Unfurled her broad sails in wild ecstasy;
No sound save the shriek of the bird's wild note
Was heard on the waters where the Cathlene did float.

No eye save the watcher's at midnight's lone hour
Was left to contemplate of God and his power;
No voice then resounded save the one left to tell
That in night's silent watches, "all is well, all is well."
For her crew lay reposing, unconscious of aught
Save the dreams which like phantoms kind mem-
ory had brought,
To cheer their lone voyage o'er the dark waters so
deep,
And that souls might commune in the sweet hours
of sleep.

But hark! in the distance the low thunders moan,
And the stars one by one desert their bright
throne;
The spray of the ocean dashes higher and higher,
And the winds play an anthem on nature's wild lyre;
Ere the dream of the slumberer had closed its ca-
reer,
Or the leaves from hope's garland were buried in
fear,
A sound wild and mournful, ah! a sound of despair,
"Help! help! or we perish," wildly echoed in air.

How changed is the scene, wild and frantic with
fear
Each hastens regardless of danger so near;
The flapping of sails, and the rending of shrouds,
With the shriek of wild voices was borne to the
clouds.
Like a speck on the ocean she heaves to and fro,
The lightning's wild flashes more vividly glow,
And the last halo of hope from man's bosom has fled,
And his wild fancy paints him 'mong dying and
dead.

But list ye! 'tis prayer that steals soft on my ear:
"My Father, my Father, ah, leave us not here,
To perish and die on this wild barren deep,
And 'neath waves of the ocean to sleep our last
sleep.
Shall the friends of our bosom behold us no more!
Shall our eyes ne'er be gladdened by home's lovely
shore!
Ah hear me my Father! list, list to my prayer,
Speak, speak to the tempest, the ocean, the air:

Oh! quell their wild tumult, bid their fury subside,
Thou, only, art able our frail bark to guide!"
And the angels seemed listening to catch the faint
strain,
As its echo rebounded in heaven's broad plain,
And the stillness of death seemed to brood o'er
the spot,
All else save the sailor boy's prayer is forgot;
For their hopes were exhausted, and baffled their
skill,
When a voice was heard bidding the wild sea be still.

The wind ceased its moaning, the waves sunk to rest,
And the Cathlene lay pillowed on old ocean's
breast,
And united in hearts a wild anthem they sing,
While the blue vault of heaven with loud praises
ring.
But weary with watching, each sought for repose,
For night her dark mantle again o'er them throws,
And the voice of the watcher at midnight may tell,
That the storm has abated, "all is well, all is well."
Normal School, Albany. S. S. HAZARD.

Rosy Dear—Old Zeke's Daughter.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

One of the loveliest of the thousand lovely spots
that adorn the valley of the Connecticut was the
haunt of my childhood. It may have been a
haunt of fairies and wood-nymphs; for they could
not have found a sweeter or more secluded gam-
boling ground; and I did sometimes think I heard
strange whisperings in the air, and fairy like mu-
sic floating around me; and I sometimes imagin-
ed I saw tiny footprints upon the velvet moss.—
True, the sober thought of years rather discard-
ed the idea, but we love to foster childhood's im-
pressions; so I will cherish this, with every flower
and leaf and ripple of the singing brook, and light
and shadow which are daguerreotypes upon my
heart. I would love to take you there to-night,
dear reader, and by the light of this first autumn
moon, talk of the days of "lang syne." Come,
sit with me upon this mossy bank, and see the
soft moonlight flirting with those dancing ripples.
Perhaps some of you, who have never seen
Miss Cynthia out of the city have always thought
her a staid and sober damsel; but I assure you
that in the country she frolics about in a most
unmatronly-like manner. See her, now dancing
down that brook, and now playing bo-peep with
us through those branches, and whispering soft
words to every green leaf that turns its face to-
wards her, and casting loving glances on these
sweet flowers at our feet.

And now follow with me this little brook, we
will pluck some of those violets that fringe its
edge for a memento: now step across the brook,
and there, in that little wood beyond, is my Eden;
but I cannot take you there, dear reader. There
I always go alone. A word—the slightest whis-
per—there, would break the perfect harmony that
breathes around. I would hear no voice but na-
ture's there.

The gentle singing among the leaves, the occa-
sional chirp of an insect, or twitter of a bird, or a
falling leaf, speak in more eloquent tones than
ever breathed through earthly lips. And then
the sometimes perfect mysterious silence which
not even a trembling leaf disturbs—it lulls my
spirit, subdues every worldly passion, and with
folded hands I sit listening to the still small voice
communing with my soul.

Do you see, through the opening beyond the
wood that little white cottage? That was the
home of my little heroine.

Old Mr. Melwood, or old Zeke, as he was al-
ways called, was one to whose poverty misfortune
had been added. He was a cripple, and unable
to do little else than ride to the village and leave
at the doors of his customers the products of his
little farm, which were his only means of support.
These were few, but he always found a ready
market for them; for every one said that old
Zeke's vegetables were the best, and his eggs
the freshest that were brought to town, and that
the berries that pretty Rose Melwood sold, were
the sweetest that were ever tasted; indeed, every
thing which Rose Melwood had, or said, or did,
was the best in the world.

Rose lost her mother in very early childhood,
and between herself and her father there existed
the greatest fondness. She did not love to hear
him called "Old Zeke," for it seemed to her to
give an impression of unworthiness; but it was
not so, for every one respected the old man. I
do not know how he came to receive that cognom-
en, but I think it was because his infirmities
made him seem much older than he really was,
and it was something of a feeling of pity that
prompted it. But Rose did not love to hear it;
and always, when speaking of her parent, she
would call him her "dear father;" always was
she saying some kind word, or performing some
kind action,—any thing to make her dear father
happy. And she was his idol; "Rosy, dear," he
always called her, and every one else came to
call her, except when some naughty child at school,
who had his falsehood exposed by her undeviating
truth, would call her "Old Zeke's daughter."—
But Rose was the name that all loved to call her
by. She was the pet of the village; every one
was glad when she came, for she always brought
a happy face and heart along with her; aunt
Mary used to say she brought a whole shower of
happiness, to sprinkle over every body.

But Rose Melwood had her day of sorrow, and
that was when Julia Weston refused to invite
her to her birth day party.

This party had been the grand subject of talk,
among all the school girls during "recess" and
"whispering-time," for half a year. All expect-
ed to attend; all knew what they would wear;
and all hoped most earnestly that it would be a
pleasant day.

Rose Melwood knew in her little heart what
she intended to do that day; but she had told no
one, for it would be such a sweet surprise, she
thought to bring a wreath of flowers in April.—
Every day, after the snow was off the ground, she
would look by the brook and in the wood for the
first flowers, to see how they came on. She
knew just where the trailing "Arbutus" hid itself,
and where the first violets would spring up, and
she felt quite sure they would be in bloom before
Julia's birthday.

The morning previous to Julia Weston's birth-
day, I had invited Rose and two or three of her
companions to walk with me; and just as we en-
tered a path which led through the wood, Rose

darted away exclaiming—"I am going to hide from you now, but I will be with you soon." My young friends wandered off, one by one, in search of flowers and wintergreens, and I had just entered the path, which led to my loved retreat, when I saw through the trees that it was already tenanted, and on coming nearer, discovered Rose Melwood. She was unconscious of my approach, and I never saw a sweeter subject for a painter than she was at that moment. She was sitting upon the ground, with her lap full of flowers, and a half formed wreath lying beside her. Her bonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders and her long fair hair was falling in rich clusters upon her neck; her small white hands were clasped, and her full blue eyes were turned towards heaven, with an expression of perfect purity, love and holiness. "Oh Miss Emily!" she exclaimed, as soon as she observed me, "is not this beautiful? It seems just heaven to me."

"O, Rosy dear! where did you find your flowers?" exclaimed our company coming up at this moment: "we have been searching every where, and have not found one."

"Oh! I know their hiding-places," replied Rose, smiling: "see here—will not this be beautiful?" she exclaimed, holding up a half woven wreath: "this is for Julia to wear on her birthday."

"But you are not going to her party!" exclaimed one.

"Why yes, of course I shall go," replied Rose, "I know Julia expects me to go."

"But she told me yesterday she should not invite you."

"Why not?" inquired Rose, sorrowfully.

"Because," replied another, who seemed somewhat vexed that Rose had found so many flowers, "because she says she don't want old Zeke's daughter at her party."

Never shall I forget the expression which passed over Rose's countenance at those words; it was not of anger, but of mingled sorrow and resentment, which one experiences when they feel that they have been undeservedly slighted by those they love. She spoke not a word, but her eyes filled with tears, and after a moment's silence she said, "Well, I will send her the flowers, she will like them I am sure."

The truth was, Julia had heard, and talked, and thought so much of her party, that she had begun to imagine herself a much more important personage than she had done before, and to think that she must be somewhat select in her invitations so after some consideration, she decided that it would sound very unaristocratic to have it said that old Zeke's daughter was at her party. Besides she was a year older than Rose, which very much enhanced her own importance, she thought; so without consulting her parents she decided that Rose Melwood should not come to her party.

But Julia little thought that by refusing admittance to Rose that she was depriving herself and others of all enjoyment. But so it was, for when all were assembled there seemed some one wanting. No one seemed happy, and each whispered to the other, "I wish Rosy dear was here," and when Frank Weston and two or three of his school-fellows came in to share in the sports, nothing seemed to go right.

"Why, where is Rosy dear?" exclaimed Frank in surprise, after looking round the room.

"Julia wouldn't have her here," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"I should like to know, Miss Julia Weston, why you didn't want her here," inquired Frank with spirit.

"Because I wouldn't have her here," replied Julia, a little tartly.

"Because she is old Zeke's daughter," replied several voices.

"Well, I wish, Julia, you were half as good as old Zeke's daughter," exclaimed Frank. "I declare this is outrageous. She shall come, else I don't stay here."

"Nor I, nor I," exclaimed the embryo gentlemen.

At this moment Mrs. Weston entered the room.

"Why, what does this mean?" she exclaimed. "I came to see how happy you were, and really there is not one happy face in the room; what is the matter?"

"Rosy dear is not here," exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Rosy not here? Why, what is the reason?" inquired Mrs. Weston, in surprise.

"Why, Julia has acted like a dunce. She has not invited her," replied Frank.

"Not invited Rosy? Why, Julia, what does this mean? I thought surely you had invited her."

Julia had by this time begun to repent seriously of her conduct. The party which she had looked forward to with so much happiness, had been so far nought but wretchedness, and all in consequence of her foolish pride. So she acknowledged to her mother the reason, and expressed her sorrow.

At this moment a light tap was heard at the door, and a little girl who lived neighbor to Rose entered with a beautiful wreath in her hand, and presenting it to Julia, said, "Rosy dear sent it to you."

The scent of the flowers filled the room, and all gazed eagerly at such a quantity of flowers at that season.

"O, where did Rosy dear find them? I could not find one," all exclaimed.

"She always knew where the first flowers grew," exclaimed one of the boys.

"She always knew ten times more than any other girl about everything," was the rather ungallant reply of Frank Weston.

Julia stood holding the wreath, looking sorrowful and ashamed.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Weston, "you are not worthy to wear this wreath to-day—the one who deserves it must wear it. Put on your bonnet and go down to old Zeke's, and make the best apology to Rosy. Beg her pardon and ask her to come and spend the remainder of the day; for I am quite sure there will be no enjoyment unless she is here; and she is so good a girl, I think she will not refuse to come, though you have treated her so ill. Frank will entertain your company while you are gone, and I hope you will yet be happy."

The two girls were soon seen returning and as they entered the door, all exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come, Rosy dear; for now we will be happy."

"But first," said Mrs. Weston, "let us dispose of this beautiful wreath. It should not lie withering here. Julia, it was sent to you, but I presume you do not feel that you deserve to wear it, so you may place it upon the head of the one you think most deserving of it."

Julia took the wreath and with a smile and a kiss, placed it upon Rosy's head amid the shouts of the children.

"Oh, I had much rather you would wear it, dear Julia," exclaimed Rosy. "I am sure I never intended it for myself."

"The good we do to others," said Mrs. Weston, "often returns upon our own heads, and I hope the lesson, Julia, you learn will be of far more value than the wreath."

Soon after this old Zeke and Rosy left our quiet village, and went to live with a rich relative at the South, who adopted Rose as her own daughter.

Years passed by. Frank Weston, who had established himself in a distant city, wrote for Julia to come and spend the winter with him. Julia joyfully accepted the invitation. As soon as she arrived and had been welcomed by her brother, he said, "I have an invitation for you, Julia, to act as bridesmaid this very evening."

"Pray, for whom?" inquired Julia.

"To a certain lady who is to be my wife," replied Frank laughing.

"Ah! you rogue! Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"I knew that you liked pleasant surprises," replied Frank.

"But I cannot tell whether it will be a pleasant one until I know who is to be your bride. Come tell me quickly, who is it?"

"No, not until we are married, so now prepare yourself and hasten to the wedding."

When Frank Weston led in his bride, Julia thought she had never seen a creature so perfectly lovely. But brides are always beautiful, and perhaps she was not more so than many others; Julia thought so, and I think Frank thought so too. But it was not her beauty alone that riveted Julia's gaze; it was an impression that she had seen that face before, but could not tell when nor where.

When the ceremony was over, and Frank presented Julia to his bride, "Do tell me, my sister," exclaimed Julia, "have we never known each other before?" "Dear Julia, have you forgotten old Zeke's daughter," whispered the beautiful bride.

A sudden remembrance, such as, in some hour of your life, reader, has flashed over your mind when you have seen a face or an object that called to recollection by gone days, came over Julia's thoughts. She gazed earnestly at the fair girl for a minute, then clasping her hand and turning to Frank, she exclaimed, joyfully, "Rosy dear! yes—yes—it is indeed her; it is our Rosy dear!"

Uncle Benjamin's Sermon.

Not many hours ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

"Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his grey locks flowing in the breeze of a May Morning, "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow."

Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly it was as much as to say 'Here is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy, don't you forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

"Aye," cried Sammy, "you may say that, and a mother-in-law and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here; when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money."

"Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not got these grey hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky-box with bills to pay for a yearling or wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things."

First: that you have saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you give your dollar for a "notion," when you might have laid one half aside for charity and one half for a rainy day.

Second: that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow: there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow any farther than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed a shadow, and have been decoyed into a bog.

Thirdly: that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race. Fourthly: that no course of life can be depended

as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have a notion that nobody would go to ruin this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, and we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly: that you have not been thankful enough to God for his benefits in past times.

Sixthly: that you may be thankful our lot is not worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

A Village Beau.

The following portrait of Mr. H. Adolphus Hawkins, is from Longfellow's new novel *Kavanaugh*. Do any of our fair readers recognize the original?

"In addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winding their way in an incredibly short space of time from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets—a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a bannister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breastpins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, 'soft finish for family use.' Every thing about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and bowing his head, swelled out his crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

"Moreover, Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was a poet—so much a poet, that, as his sister frequently remarked, he 'spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family.' The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as 'a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair?' and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the *Poet's Corner* of the *Fair-meadow Advertiser*; and it was a relief to know, that, in private life, as his sister remarked, he was, by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply.

"Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent admirer. He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop door as she passed; he paraded himself at the corners of the streets; he paraded himself at the church-steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window; he sallied from the door; he followed her with his eyes; he followed her with his whole august person; he passed her and repassed her, and turned back to gaze; he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air; he persecuted her with his looks; he pretended that their souls could comprehend each other without words; and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect!"

"The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments."—*Gray's Letters*.

Alcohol for Pickles.

"Is it wrong to buy alcohol to make pickles?" asked a minister of the gospel of a D. of T. a few days since.

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

"Alcohol is good in its place, and I don't see why a person should abstain from the proper use of an article because of its abuse;" was the rejoinder.

"Good pickles can easily be made without alcohol, and I doubt whether that would be the proper use if there be such a thing," replied the lady. "I do not wish to be the judge of your conscience," she continued, "but it would be wrong for me to make pickles with alcohol;" and the D. of T. passed on, and left the conscientious man to his own reflections.

In about half an hour they accidentally met again just before the open window of another minister's study.

"Brother—" called out Mr.—"is it wrong to buy alcohol to make pickles?"

"No sir. I always buy whisky for pickles," was the reply.

"I have had quite an argument with this sister," remarked Mr.—"and she says it is very wrong."

"Most assuredly it is wrong," said the lady, "and in buying alcohol for such purposes you give your influence to the Rumseller."

Dear reader the above incident, occurred not long since; and we fear it is no uncommon occurrence even for a "Son" who does not like to carry a jug through the streets, to take a covered pail to the apothecary's and buy alcohol for pickles—and the wife, perhaps a D. of T., makes the pickles. His neighbor, who does not see the difference between water added before and water added after the purchase, goes to the grog-shop and buys whiskey for the same purpose. He also is a Temperance man, and is very careful to say he was induced to purchase because Mr.—"a Son of Temperance, made pickles with alcohol.

The Rumseller, who watches every movement of Total Abstinence men, boasts of the sale he has made; and also of the purchase of alcohol by the "Son," who perhaps stands a little higher in the community than his own Temperance customer. "They say the article is 'used to make pickles,'" says the Rumseller, "but I am not all sure that all the liquor goes into the pickle-barrel," he adds with a sneer.

What is the influence of such men in a rum-drinking community? Daughter of Temperance, if your husband were intemperate, would you like to have such temperance men try to reform him?

It is too late in the nineteenth century for any one to take other than ultra ground in these matters. Temperance men and women must not use intoxicating drinks for any purpose, if they would banish the evil from the land.

Last summer I saw barrel after barrel of whiskey carried out of the village by farmers, and when I asked the cause of such extensive purchases, the reply was, invariably, "They intend to make pickles, I suppose."

Not a few Temperance people in the village bought smaller quantities for that purpose;—yet they would not for the world give their influence on the wrong side. Did they not by those purchases encourage the Rumseller and the Manufacturer?

[Dollar Weekly.]

Affecting Incident.

Ellen was a lovely girl of fourteen—the eldest daughter of a once happy family. When the school hours were over, she would hasten home and sit with her needlework by her mother, or tend her little brother, yet in his cradle, or do whatever else was required of her so kindly, so uncomplainingly, that her presence in the family was like an angel's visit. When she was about the house in her pleasant and quiet manner, her mother's brow of care would often be lighted up with joy and hope. She would sometimes sit and fondly gaze upon her daughter, after having

listened to the sweet tones of her voice, while she related some little occurrence, some passing event; and as she looked upon her in all the loveliness of her young and unembittering existence, she felt all the affections of a maternal heart. And yet her eye grew dim with the rising tear, as she thought of the future; as she more than anticipated the woes which might in coming years be the portion of her beloved child. But only a short time from that period of which I am now speaking, a change came over the spirit of the mother, for a change came over the spirit of the lovely daughter. Ellen became pensive and languid. Her eye was sunken—her cheek was pale—her form emaciated, and she languished upon her couch, over which her mother watched by night and day, till the evening which I refer.

It was the hour of twilight; the streets were getting still; all was hushed around the dwelling of—, where lay the wasted form of Ellen. She had been raised up in her bed that she might see the sun go down in the west. She watched; grew tired of looking. She had just seen his rays as they lingered among the distant hills, till she was placed in a more reposing posture, when the very room where she lay became the scene of strange confusion. From the hoarse throat of the drunkard was poured forth a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations. The room was filled with his sepulchral breath. The careworn and broken-hearted wife was rudely driven from the side of the dying Ellen.

The younger children were huddled together in one corner of the room, pale with fear and their eyes red with weeping. The senseless, babbling, and noisy voice of the drunkard still continued. She raised her little skeleton head and beckoned her mother, who stood weeping on the other side of the room, to come to her. She came. The poor child had only time to say, "Why don't you ask pa to be still, while I am dying?" These were the last words of Ellen—but they were in vain. With the last sigh of her gentle spirit there went up to Heaven also the inhuman ravings of the drunken father. This story is not fiction—not a story of imagination, but of real occurrence.

Moral Education of Children.

Children may be made amiable, obedient, and respectful, if duly directed and governed when young. They are naturally docile and affectionate. Those traits of character should be nursed and strengthened. But how often are they blunted and destroyed! If subjected to unkind, harsh, arbitrary and severe treatment on the part of parents, all their natural docility and originally affectionate feelings will be destroyed or much impaired. Children are not born demons; they have a capacity for good, for moral improvement; a kind and genial soul may be found in their hearts, if the seeds of kindness and truth are duly sown. Indeed, they are naturally found there, and only want a judicious, faithful and affectionate hand for the work of culture and improvement.

Children naturally love and respect their parents; and are disposed to be kind and obedient. If they become otherwise, it is because of the neglect, or severity or unfaithfulness of parents, or because of early falling into bad company, when no parent is near to restrain or advise. If parents wish their children to be honest, kind, and useful when they grow up, they should remember that kindness and mildness, with a proper degree of firmness, and faithful attention, are indispensable on their part.

FRIENDSHIP.—The water that flows from a spring, does not congeal in the winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.

[Sir Philip Sidney.]

A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

[Ibid.]

For the Lily.

The Shower.

BY J. W. GLIDDEN.

Long had the parched and thirsty earth
Looked up for the cooling rain,
And the beautiful flowers bent low their heads,
As if no'er to revive again.

Then a cloud appeared in the distance far—
And a pleasant gale upsprung,
And wafted it on to a nearer view,—
Like a veil o'er the heavens it hung.

Then drop by drop, came the gentle rain,
The earth rejoicing smiled,
The flowers revived with life anew,
The air was cool and mild.

So had the blight of intemperance fell,
And withered man's noblest powers,
Blasted the hopes of life's promised joys,
And brought gloom o'er this world of ours.

Then a ray of light 'mid the darkness shone
And pierced through its depth of gloom,
And many came to behold the light,
In darkness no more to roam.

'Twas the star of temperance, that glorious
That gleams on our path from above, [star,
Guiding to happier realms afar
To the regions of peace and love.

CLARENDON, 1849.

Written for the Lily.

Who and What is God?

Who and what is God?—with reverent awe I ask. I walked forth to yonder copse, hard by ocean's mighty bed, and sat me down upon a sloping mound, and thought whispered, where is God? "And behold a great and strong wind rent the mountain and brake in pieces the rocks, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind, an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."

I heard it in the faint murmur of the breeze, the zephyr wafted gently to my ear; it was borne on the gale from the wild-wood flower—from every blade of grass: it rose from the little white pebble that lay underneath the tranquil waters; the tall trees, wafting their lofty tops in the wind, returned the echo,—every ray of light—each sunbeam was laden with soft melody. The rich clouds, that lay piled away in the west, threw back the quick response; the rainbow that arched the skies, the dew-drop that glistened on the rock, spoke with "the still small voice." It was in the song of the robin, the whip-poor-will and the humming-bird. Every particle of matter, every leaf that trembled upon its parent stalk, every breath that mingled with the air softly echoed with sweetest harmony, the same musical tones.

I love when gray morning steals over the eastern hills, ere the blazing orb points his extended rays to the zenith of the sky and grasps the earth in his long arms, to get me up and alone wander over the silent fields and groves animated by the "still small voice." I stop and listen with intensest delight; methinks I am no longer a fettered inhabitant of earth, but transported to the ethereal regions, and revelling with the spirits there. At the calm hour of twilight, just as the nightingale begins her plaintive song, I love to steal from the dizzy hum of confused voices, and even the mutual joys of social life, and hold sweet converse with "the still small voice." Or in the deep silence of night, ere Morpheus' wand has touched my eyelids, with none to molest or disturb, save the foolish mocking of my own heart, its tones penetrate the thick darkness, and my

spirit communes with this voice from the spirit-land. Are its words ever tender and bright—its sounds always glad? Oft-times it forces upon me an unwelcome accusation, or a monitory warning. Like a faithful watchman or a strict sentinel, it stands at the door of my heart and records its doings with unerring exactness, I, meanwhile the unwilling judge, prisoner and executor.

The "still small voice"—it is the voice of God, familiar to angels—angels greeting. Its softened accents fall on their ears with ineffable sweetness. No harsh tones grate in heaven—the "still small voice" is the medium of communication there. Its divine melody springs from the throne, the centre of loveliness and grandeur. There is a sublimity and beauty in its simplicity—a force and awe in its whispered tones.

It inspires the timid saint with confidence and love; its low, mellow echo is reverberated thro' the courts of Heaven,—happy contagion!—saints and angels catch the sound, and with a responsive impulse chant their songs of praise in the same still voice, native to God alone. Like him omniscient and omnipresent—it pervades the ethereal space—the breath of the vast infinite, infinite in its plentitude. The planets roll on in their respective orbits upheld by its powerful influence—'tis called attraction. The "still small voice" is in the atmosphere, yea, the very breath we inhale is that "voice;" withhold its influence and life is extinct. As well attempt to dash the united systems into the vale of oblivion or annihilate their Creator—equally futile would be the attempt to prolong life or terminate existence. If man lives that voice lives with him; "if he ascends up to heaven it is there, if he make his bed in hell it is there,"—it is inseparable from his nature—it is the very essence of his nature. In Paradise "the still small voice" was heard at cool of day—man fled at the sound. What! seek to hide from an all-seeing God! That voice pursued him to his secret hiding place. Like a frightened bird he came forth. Those deep, rich tones upon which he had hung with so much transport, and in the confidence of innocence replied, had lost their spell—as omens of wrath they fell upon his ear; he shrunk from them with dread terror, and "the still small voice" of his own soul (oft times in latter days 'tis heard) spake and shook his frame; it whispered in deep utterance, "unclean, unclean, unclean." And when the great God yet in seeming ignorance of the fatal change, as he was wont, walked forth at golden sunset among the trees, he called, surprised, "Adam where art thou?" "I heard thy voice and I was afraid." Man wast thou afraid? Did Conscience, "the still small voice," ever make thee to start and tremble?

Man durst not face the fearful inquiry "where art thou?" But the same voice that pronounced the primal curse, calls upon him to reform; the arms of love are open to receive him and "the still small voice" whispers sweetly, willingly, come.

Fayetteville, 1849.

Written for the Lily.

Come to the Woods.

Come to the woods, where the least plant that springs into life is an eloquent teacher. Come where the moss grown rocks are the altar, and the incense offered up is the odor of the blooming flowers; where the unrestrained, joyous, spontaneous song of thousands of thankful minstrels is the never ending song of praise. Come when bright Aurora gilds the eastern clouds with golden light, when the light upon the dew-drop forms a rainbow at each advancing step. Oh, never did art prepare a path so gorgeous for the tread of mortals! Come with a heart all guileless and free; with a fountain of affection for each work of the Creator. Forget the troubles and cares of every day life, and drink in the inspiration of nature. When the day-god's rolling car of fire has lit the forest above, when the birds, the bees, the flowers, and all that have life, awaken to receive him with songs and with smiles, come and receive a lesson for the guidance of the day. Is

thy heart made sad by the trials and disappointments of life? here are teachers many to thee hope, and perseverance. Learn of the beautiful golden and crimson-backed spider who so artfully spins his web, to persevere; may be "a better day is coming." Receive a lesson of trust from the bird that cradles its young far up in the wind-rocked boughs, or teaches them the lullaby of the soft wind in the rocky niche. See the nimble squirrel—he chooses not for beauty, in selecting the hard brown-shelled nut for his repast; he knows the sweetest part is hidden.—Learn of the worm that patiently awaits its change into the beautiful butterfly—its happy resurrection! Learn of the busy bee, and of the flower that lends its fragrance to the passing breeze. Come when earth has laid aside her wintry robe, and every thing is springing into life. Each spire of grass and each obscure flower bid you rejoice.—Or in a sultry summer's day leave the city—the proud, the gay, the gain devoted city, and come where waves the ancient forest, and where grows the ripe brown berry, free alike for thee and for the birds. Come when the frosts of Autumn have given to the maple, the oak, the walnut and the sumac, their loveliest tints which fantastically mixed with the deep green of the pine and the hemlock, present a splendid drapery, testing the beautiful means which nature possesses, for producing variety. "What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?" Come too when boreas howls dismally through the leafless trees, for even in winter the forest is the wildest, freest spot on earth. See those pendent icicles, perfect prisms, presenting rainbow tints. What though the winds produce discordant sounds? Hear you not "the wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest, sweetest swell?" Come then to the woods and "learn of nature, for she is wise."

Waterloo, Aug. 16, 1849.

Ans.

FEMININE LIVELINESS.—Few things are more liable to be abused in society—especially by young ladies—than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration while they continue young and pretty—but it leads to no esteem—produces no affection, if it be carried beyond the bounds of graceful good-humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks—whose laugh is loudest—whose *mot* is the most piquant—who gathers a group of laughers round her—of whom shy and quiet people are afraid—this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties of which the general opprobrium is dullness—but this is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home.—[Ladies Dollar Newspaper.

A CUTTING REPLY.—An avaricious divine seeing a poor boy in a deplorable condition, called him to the door, and giving him a mouldy piece of bread, asked him if he could read, to which he answered in the negative; to the question whether he could say the Belief and Lord's Prayer, the answer was the same. "Well," said the divine, "I will teach you that: Our Father," said the instructor—"Our Father," repeated the boy—"what, your Father as well as mine?" "Yes, certainly." Then we are brothers." "To be sure we are," was the ready reply. "Why, then," replied the boy, pulling the crust from behind his coat, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy piece of bread?"

THE BLUSH.—What a very mysterious thing is the blush upon the human face! How truth-telling, how unaccountable, that a single word, a look, should bring the unimitable color to the cheeks, like the tints of a summer sunset upon the sky. And only in the face it is seen; the hands, the feet, do not turn red in modesty, or in guilt; only the face shows itself the mirror of the soul. And in the blush how much is to be learned; of modesty, of consciousness, of praise, of anger, of guilt, of sensibility! The woman without the blush at times upon her cheek, is the woman no more! for with it has parted the purity of her soul.

For the Lily.

Twilight Recollections.

The angel of peace had once more spread his wings over the rural village of Sunderland, and the bloody conflict which involved the destiny of America was terminated. Sugar Loaf mountain had witnessed some of the most sanguinary scenes that occurred during the early settlement of this region—but now how gay the habitations that bedeck this fertile valley. Not a house but seems to give assurance of content within.

"It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;" nature seemed in silence to contemplate the means which she possesses for producing variety. The evergreen contrasting with the variegated robes of the forest, was proof to the lover of nature that she was descending joyfully in her richest dress, to a wintry grave in exulting anticipation of a speedy resurrection. Forth from the east, clear shone fair Cynthia accompanied by her stars which nightly gaze upon the earth, as if resolved her secret to discover.

On such a still and lovely night, a maiden, fair as Luna's softest rays, walked forth in silent meditation. She paused beside a ridge of rocks which forms a cliff, on the bank of the Connecticut, a short distance from the village. How well chosen the spot—with a view of the river in one direction; while upon the opposite side is seen the Sugar Loaf and Deerfield mountains, with a distant glimpse of the primitive range of Conway and Whitley. She viewed the scene, then knelt to offer up a prayer—nightly offered upon the spot, which alone with the Omnipresent, had witnessed her separation from him for whom she prayed. Often had she besought her God, for "her lover's safety, and his quick return," from scenes of carnage and of blood. Now a blessed realization of her prayer awaits her: but she knows it not. Intently wishing his return, she heard not his approach. He had come with laurels on his brow to be cast before her feet. But first the sacred spot dear to memory was sought by him. Yet not alone; for he beheld there kneeling with upraised hand, in snowy garb—a seraph! Sweet was the thought: but more pleasing far that she with meekest eye upturned (on which the moon with all the orbs that deck the night, looked down well pleased,) in accents soft pleading for his return, was she to whom his holiest vows were pledged. And as they met, embraced, and sat in holy converse, there was perfect joy, happiness without alloy.

As years glide swiftly by, and they are called upon to try the realities of life, although their path, like that of all is rugged and meandering, perfect love lightens every burthen. Their habitation in the narrow valley of the peaceful Connecticut, in years long gone, afforded an enticing picture of rural retirement and happiness. Were it

"Man's only dwelling, in the breathing world
It could not be more quiet; peace is here
Or nowhere."

Waterloo, Aug. 16th, 1849.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—My dear friends: there are three things which I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, and brickbats and clubs into fruit trees, to knock down the fruit, if they would only let it alone it would fall itself. The second, that men should go to war and kill one another: if they would only let one another alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; for if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

Diligence, frugality and perseverance are the leading steps to wealth.

Choose virtue as your guide through life, and you will not be led to deeds of vice and wrong.

It is a fact, that of all that have died of the cholera in Europe and America, seven-tenths at least were spirit drinkers, and one-half decidedly intemperate.

THE LILY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

Temperance and Politics.

We hear a great cry from some quarters about bringing the temperance question into politics, and some try to make themselves and others believe that the advocates of temperance are trying to make political capital out of that question. For one we believe that the temperance question should be made a political one, so far as to obtain good rulers, who will make a prohibitory law against the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and inflicting a heavy penalty of fine and imprisonment against those who should violate such law. Nay, we believe it to be the duty of the voters of this country who wish for the prosperity and happiness of their fellow-men—who wish to see their country maintain its freedom and independence—and who would see their children grow up wise and virtuous citizens of an enlightened land, instead of becoming a besotted and degraded people—to so cast their ballots that they shall tell against the evil with which we are now afflicted. It is not the true friends of temperance who fear to have this question made a political one; the cry is raised by the vender of the poison and his minions, who fear to have any action taken on the subject, knowing but too well the consequences which will result to them should the cause finally triumph.

But we see no reason why any one need sacrifice his politics in this matter. Let it be seen that temperance men are sincere and in earnest on the subject, and determined to carry out their principles at the polls, and each party will soon find it to be for its interest to nominate such men for office as are worthy of the suffrages of the people. We have too long sent drunkards to our legislature to make our laws, and it is time that they were shown that the people will not always be trifled with.

If either party refuses to support men for office who are strictly opposed to licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks, then its candidates should never receive the support of consistent temperance men. We believe that ere many more election days shall pass, politicians will find themselves compelled by the force of public sentiment to turn their attention to this matter in earnest.

We ladies have no voice in choosing our rulers, and are denied the privilege of making known our wishes, and claiming our rights at the hands of government; it is therefore the more necessary that we exert our powers of persuasion; and use our influence with our fathers, husbands and brothers, to induce them to take a decided stand against the farther encroachments of the tyrant which has invaded many households, and made desolate many happy homes; and also to spare no effort to drive it from existence. We believe that if our sex could have a realizing sense of the vast amount of good they might do, and of the untold happiness which would result from their labors, to thousands of miserable men, women and children, they would not remain so careless and unconcerned in regard to this great and important subject. We have frequently heard gentlemen say that the ladies possessed moral power sufficient if they would but exert it, to banish intem-

perance entirely from our land in one year. We believe this to be true.

Shall we then fold our hands and sit at ease, when there is such a work for us to do? Shall we trifle and fritter away our time when the moral renovation of a world is calling us to action? Shall we see our children corrupted, and offered as sacrifices to glut the thirsty tyrant, and make no effort to save them, when we can do so, if we will? Arouse, sisters to your duty! Gird on the garment of love to your fellow creatures, and form the high resolve to crush the enemy which is stabbing them to the heart. If we may not go ourselves to the polls, let us give the men over whom we have an influence no peace, until they consent to make our votes their own, and deposit them for us. We have a right to demand this of them. We have a right to demand at the hands of our rulers, protection against this cruel oppressor, and we should not cease our cry until they are made to listen and heed it.

Increase of Intemperance.

It is painful for us to witness the increase of intemperance in our village. Scarcely a day passes but we see some one intoxicated in our streets. The rum shops seem to stand open day and night, and on the sabbath especially, the sale of alcohol seems to increase tenfold, and men and boys are sent out from them to disgrace our village and fill our ears with their blasphemous ravings. We are shocked at these enormities. They are standing libels upon all our professions of morality and religion. Our constables and justices find plenty of business in sending these victims of the rum-seller to jail, and they will run up long and large bills which the people will some day be called upon to pay.

It makes our blood run cold and causes us to blush for our citizens when we see these poor misguided wretches who have been destroyed through their agency, led as victims to the slaughter, while the fiends who have worked their ruin stand carelessly by and join in the laugh and the sneer excited by the ravings of their maddened victims. We have witnessed several such scenes of late where we counted some three or four of our rum-sellers standing in the crowd which had gathered round some poor creature whom they had stripped and ruined; and we have felt a wish that we might be allowed to deal justice to both them and their victims. We would endeavor to raise up the fallen ones and restore them to the happiness and comfort they had lost—or rather which has been wrested from them; while we would deal out to their destroyers punishment according to their deeds.

There is a strange inconsistency in administering justice in our land. The dealer in alcoholic poison is a tool of the law, and it is his business to destroy the peace and happiness of all who come within his influence—to reduce to starvation and beggary thousands upon thousands of his fellow-creatures—to fill our poor houses with paupers—our prisons with criminals, and the gallows with its victims. All this he does at the bidding and with the sanction of the law of this free country, where equal rights are guaranteed to all; and while the law shields and protects its agent in his work of death it punishes the poor creatures who have been made guilty by him.

We suppose of course the constables and jus-

tices who have the privilege of executing the law against these depraved and fallen ones, receive their fees for administering justice (?) to them and little they care whether the culprit goes free or is locked up. But have the people no interest in the matter? Is it nothing to them that their purses must be drained to pay the large bills which will be run up for these prosecutions, and for the support of criminals and paupers? Have they no interest in shutting up the many flood-gates of misery around us? Or are they willing to sit quietly down and suffer these ulcers upon society to eat out the very vitals of their children and friends, and then when they are stripped of their all and ruined forever, to pay for their support without a murmur, and without raising a voice or lifting a hand to remove the evil which has caused, and is still causing so much misery in our land.

There are many in our village who willingly submit to this taxation who would refuse a sixpence towards removing these pests from society and wiping from our statute book the foul license law which now stains it. We would that the whole weight of this tax could be made to fall upon those who uphold and sustain the rum-seller in his cruel work, and that they were the only sufferers by it.

FATHER MATTHEW.—The papers all speak in high terms of praise and approval of the labors of this distinguished philanthropist. He has entered in earnest into the work of rescuing thousands of the erring slaves to intemperance, from the wretchedness which surrounds them. There seems to be a charm about him, which none can resist, who come within sound of his voice. May he be long spared to us, and may his labors result in the final triumph of right, and the banishing from our country the greatest foe, against which it has ever had to contend.

The Mayor of the city of Rochester has extended to Father MATTHEW an invitation to visit that city, and to accept of the hospitalities of his house during his stay there. Mr. MATTHEW has accepted the invitation, but cannot at present name the time when he will be there. We hope measures will be taken by our citizens to secure a visit from him, as he journeys westward. We certainly have reason to call in all the aid we can obtain, to drive the intoxicating beverage from our community. His own countrymen here especially stand in need of his services; among them are two or three rum-sellers, who keep the vilest drunkeries in the village, and from which scores of Irishmen, yea, and Irish women too, are sent reeling forth. We truly hope that they may have the benefit of the pledge administered by their worthy countryman.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We have been favored with the September number of this truly excellent work, but have not found time as yet, to give it more than a hasty glance. From what we have read however, we should think it in no way behind its predecessors. It contains several fine engravings, and also a pattern for embroidery and a new style of crotchet flower-work, with directions for the learner—thus combining the useful with the ornamental. The engravings alone in this work for a year, are worth the price of subscription.

To Correspondents.

Our correspondents may some of them think us remiss in our duty and neglectful of favors sent us; but really we are overrun with poetry, or rhyme, more than we can possibly find room for were it all good, which is not the case. We have received articles from persons who are not subscribers to our paper, asking as a favor that we would insert them and send the number to their address. Now if the articles were good we would willingly oblige the writers, but as we do not so consider them, we must decline publishing. We wish our correspondents would more of them try writing prose; we are sure they would do better at that.

"Ann," we are happy to hear from you again; we hope that hereafter you will be at your post monthly. We should be glad of a personal interview: will you inform us where and when we can see you?

S. S. H. we shall be happy to hear from you at any time.

L. J. S. is welcome; we hope to be favored frequently with articles from her pen.

The Rathbun Tragedy.

Our readers have all of them doubtless, seen the account of the Rathbun tragedy, at Rathbun's Hotel, New York. Young Rathbun was a depraved drunkard, tolerated in his father's house, yet not receiving parental regard from him on account of his depravity. After a week of hard drinking in a fit of delirium tremens, he attempted to take his own life. His mother half frantic, seized his hand and called for help. The son turned upon her, and with one stroke of the razor cut her throat from ear to ear. The account of this dreadful scene in all its details, has gone the rounds of the papers, and some have attempted to clear the father from blame, by saying that he never furnished liquor to his son. When we first read this heart rending tale, there mingled with our horror a feeling of satisfaction, that the perpetrator of the dreadful deed was the son of a rum-seller, and that in this case at least, the father's reward was according to his deeds.

This act, horrid as it is, is but a repetition of those daily occurring in our land. They excite the people for a moment, and then all thoughts of them pass away, and nothing is done to remove the cause, or crush the demon who nerves the hands to such deeds of blood. But does the father of that young man—the agent who furnishes the instrument of death to many others, think to escape the censures of the people, and shield himself from blame, by saying that he did not give his son the liquor which nerved his hand to take the life of a mother? What matter is it who gave it to him? Had the father furnished it himself, there would have been no harm in it, in his own opinion, if he considers his business an honest one. He must of course justify the rum-seller who did supply him with it, for if it is right for him to sell to others, it is right for others to sell to him and his. Then why this effort to throw blame on others and exonerate himself? Who was the guilty one in this matter? Was it the son? He is truly guilty—not of the murder, but of giving way to appetite, and thus rendering himself a brute instead of a man. But of the intention of taking life he is guiltless. Who

then is the murderer? Who caused the deed? Who gave strength to the arm? Who dulled the reason, blunted the affections, and rendered him regardless to all sense of right? Was it the one who sold him the intoxicating poison, thereby rendering him a madman.

We care not whether his father or some other father dealt it out to him; if his father refused liquor to his own son, he hesitates not to poison and brutalize the sons of other fond parents, and make them as vile as his own. He has set his son an example, and by practice taught him that it was right to partake of the poisonous beverage. The son was an apt scholar, and followed up the lesson taught, till he passed through the various branches of iniquity, and finally imbrued his hands in his own, and his mother's blood.

But the tragedy ends not here. What will be done with the perpetrator of this dreadful deed? The mother we believe still lives, so that his life will not be required to atone for life taken, but he will doubtless end his days in prison or the lunatic asylum. And where is the real criminal?—he who openly fits men for the commission of crimes of the darkest dye? He who tramples upon every principle of justice and honesty. Who hesitates not to break the hearts of fond wives and mothers, depriving them of every comfort—wrecking their happiness, and consigning them and theirs to a life of misery!

He will go unwhipt of justice! He can continue his unholy and dishonest business, and the law will shield him from punishment! Yes, the wise men of this great nation have made it right and legal, for a certain class of men to pauperize, enslave, and destroy their fellow men; and well do they follow up their business. Thirty thousand are annually sacrificed to glut their thirst for gain, and as many more prepared to follow in the steps of those who fall!

The dispensers of justice will condemn the wronged and ruined, while they suffer the oppressor and destroyer to go free, and even give him authority to pursue his work. But there is a tribunal before which they must sooner or later appear, where there will be no mockery, but an even handed justice meted out to them. There they must answer for many crimes committed, for much blood shed, and for many lives destroyed.

The LILY, by a committee of ladies at Seneca Falls, we get regularly—about once a quarter—not oftener. It is bad enough to be slighted by gentlemen, but to be overlooked or forgotten by the ladies, goes very much "across the grain;" besides, we really esteem the paper a valuable auxiliary to the Temperance cause, and want the benefit of an exchange.

[Star of Temperance.]

Now Mr. Chipman as you call upon us, among others, to answer for our doings, and give cause for not paying you regular visits, we at once answer to the call. To begin, then, it is your own fault that you have not regularly received the Lily. We sent our first number to you, and have sent it from time to time since, but until a month or two ago you manifested no desire to receive it. You never asked for an exchange, or even sent a number of your paper to the Lily till within a few weeks.

As we were a subscriber to the Star we were not as anxious for an exchange as we otherwise

should have been, consequently you were not put upon our exchange list; but had we supposed you placed any value upon our little sheet, or cared to receive it, we should have sent it. If you have not had it regularly for the last three or four months the fault is not with us as we know it has been sent.

Now if you will acknowledge that so far as we are concerned the fault is all your own, we will promise that hereafter you shall not be "overlooked or forgotten." Will that do?

"THE GREAT WEST."—We took up our pen with the intention of speaking a good word for this mammoth sheet of the west, which has found its way to our sanctum, but we have repented and are half a mind not to say one word in its favor. We believe its editor is a crusty old bachelor who has neither love nor charity for our sex. We found this belief on the course he has pursued towards our cotemporary of the Pittsburgh Visitor. He accused her of pilfering articles from his paper, which she denied or disbelieved, and called upon him to name the stolen articles that if convicted of theft she might make the *amende honorable*; but instead of bringing the proof called for, he treats her in a very ungentlemanly manner. Besides this he finds fault with the ladies for addressing letters to him and positively forbids their doing so for the future. Fie on you, Mr. Editor, for quarreling with the ladies! We will not see our sex subjected to your ridicule without raising our voice against it.

But setting the editor aside the "Great West" is a great paper, published at Cincinnati, Ohio.—Its objects are to support Western interests and encourage home literature. It is filled with original matter from the pens of the most eminent writers of that section. From the acquaintance we have with it, we should judge it equal in merit, as it is in size, to the best eastern weeklies.

Terms \$2 a year in advance. When taken in clubs of 20, \$1.

How many there are of our sex who fritter away their time in idleness, in nonsensical conversation, in decorating their persons in showy attire, and in striving to gain admiration from the vain world, while they are entirely unmindful of the greater and higher object of their creation! A few short years will pass by and we shall be called to our account. To what then can we look back with pleasure? What good shall we have done during our sojourn here? O! we fear there are many—many, who cannot recall an instance when self has been sacrificed, or a thought of employing their talents for the good of their fellow-creatures has ever occurred to them. Vain, frivolous, unthinking, triflers, they pass through the world as if they were not accountable beings, and as if they were created for no higher purpose than that of show and amusement. We would that we could inspire our sex with a desire to live for usefulness—to exert their powers for the good of themselves and others—to rise above the silly fashions and customs of the day, and so educate themselves that they may realize the great purposes of their creation.

Choose a wife as you would a farm—not for showy buildings and fences but for the intrinsic goodness of soil.

PERRYVILLE, July 17, 1849.

Mrs. BLOOMER.—Will you permit an old man of '76 to occupy a column or two in your valuable paper. The cause of temperance is so dear to me I feel disposed to promote its influence in every possible way. Perhaps some may think me too great a stickler for this. But I feel like one just escaped from danger, having been educated in all the fashionable modes of drinking, where I would not have my son or any friend dare to venture. I have seen the rise and progress of this great republic, was acquainted with its founders, and have observed the growing evils of intemperance and cannot but reflect upon the example set before me. Being born in revolutionary times, together with the daily food which I drew from my mother's breast was inhaled the spirit of freedom also, and to this day I remain a great friend to liberty and prone to follow the example of our fore-fathers. Liberty, that precious boon for which our fathers fought and bled, was ever held sacred in the minds of those venerable patriots.—But amidst the great good to be enjoyed in being freed from the misrule of a political tyrant, evil was present also. An insidious foe lay concealed in the heart—another sort of tyrant was cherished there, in the shape of alcohol, which has since grown into monstrous power, ruling with gigantic sway a large portion of the free born sons of America. It is a lamentable fact, that while our fathers held the sword in one hand, fighting the battles of our country, they with the other pressed the fascinating wine-cup to their lips, without the least suspicion whereunto it might grow.

And now to look back, it is astonishing that with this fascinating tipling propensity prevailing both with the old and with the young, that any one should escape from being a common drunkard.—From these customs and these early habits, originated the astounding evils of intemperance, that have swept over these United States, until we have almost become degraded as heathens, and stigmatized as a nation of drunkards. Who then that is possessed of moral feelings, a love of country, and sympathy for the degraded character of man, can refrain from doing all in his power to stay the progress of this fearful foe, and snatch our brothers from the brink of ruin, from the loss of character, property, and all the sober enjoyments of life? The temperance cause is agitated for the purpose of bringing our friends back from errors path, and restoring them to peace and happiness, and also to raise a barrier to prevent others from falling into the snare of the destroyer. For this purpose arguments have been used, and moral suasion enlarged upon to some advantage; yet there are thousands who remain unmoved.—The force of habit is so strong, it is hard to subdue it, with the liquor trade prevailing in our midst, and we are about persuaded that we have begun at the wrong end. We, the people, have erred in sanctioning the traffic. If we complain of the vender and his unholy traffic, he holds up his licence saying, "here is my protection. By the grace of God, you the free and independent people of these United States, have given me the exclusive right to do this very thing! If therefore there be any wrong in this, look ye to it, the fault rests upon your own shoulders, not mine." Thus our mouths are shut, and we are cursed with a grogery at almost every corner. What then

must be done, since moral suasion fails to reform the world, but for the people to take the work into their own hands, and enact laws so stringent as to make it *criminal* to deal in alcohol as a beverage?

We are forced to this conclusion, that nothing short of this will accomplish the end for which we have labored. It is found from experience that with the liquor trade prevailing, but little progress can be made in the temperance cause. Subdue the traffic, and the evil is at once removed, and thousands who are now sinking under the influence of alcohol, will be reclaimed, who otherwise would sink to a drunkard's grave with all their sins upon them. Subdue this traffic, and we break up a den of disolute companions, and remove one of the most contaminating influences set before our children. Subdue this traffic, and you take away one of the greatest curses that afflict this free and independent nation of ours. This, then, is our platform; on this foundation we hope to stand, until the old licence system shall be broken up, and all those who are now engaged in the traffic, shall find better employment. We hope to see the time when no drunkard can be found in all our coasts, nor even a moderate drinker to be disguised with any sort of beverage, to the disgrace of human nature—when king alcohol shall be cast into the shades of darkness, no more to deceive the nations of the earth, or to cast a blight over the fair character of man. Will the reader give his aid in this glorious reformation, which we trust God is about to accomplish through the agency of temperance men and women? Who knows but you may be the means of restoring one inebriate to a sane mind—a drunken husband to his afflicted family, making glad the hearts of his little group of dependants, or save a son, a brother, or some interesting friend from falling by temptation into the snare of wretchedness and woe.—We have to lament, however, that some of our best men, and honorable in all things else, stand aloof from this cause, almost falling into the ranks of the opposition. They seem to take no interest in reform—standing at their ease, ready to submit to have nature do her own work, not willing that any restraint be put upon it. Truly these are discouragements in the way, operating like the trackless sand, hard to roll the wheels over, checking the progress of the car of temperance, which makes the cause hang heavy upon our hands. But we must expect to meet with opposition and every evil work. There was never a scheme started by man to pursue, but it met with opposition. Even the immaculate Son of God met with opposition at every stage of his ministry, and can we expect to fare better than our Master? Then let us take courage, and work on without shrinking from duty, trusting that God will prosper our work in his own due time. Let every exertion be made to forward this great work, that Love, Purity, and Fidelity, may fill every heart, looking to God to bless our endeavor to promote our own happiness, and the best good of mankind. S. JUDD.

Mrs. Swisshelm thinks it no worse to burn a grog shop than a rattlesnake's den; we hope she does not mean to class the two together. We think a rattlesnake's den harmless when compared with the den of a rum-seller if the amount of suffering caused by each be taken into consideration.

Written for the Lily.
Woman's Influence.

"Will you not drink one glass with me, Ella?" This was said by a gentleman of some twenty-five years, to a young lady at his side, who but the day before he had led as a bride to the altar.

"Will you not drink one glass with me?"

"I cannot drink it, Charles, it is very disagreeable to me," she replied, and a sad look accompanied the words.

Ella Norton was the daughter of once wealthy, but now greatly reduced parents, who in their better days had spared no pains to fit her, by education and precept, for the duties of life. For some two or three years previous to the time of which we write, she had been engaged as governess, in the family of a wealthy farmer. Here her time was principally devoted to the care of three or four lovely girls, whose ages ranked from three to twelve years. She however found much time for reading and study, and her mind was well stored with useful knowledge. During her residence here she became acquainted with Charles Neville, a promising young lawyer, of rather rough and unpolished exterior, but who notwithstanding possessed a warm heart, and sound mind. Ella was not pleased with him at first. He was awkward and reserved in company, and when contrasted with the polished manners of others, this awkwardness and inelegance were more annoyingly apparent. She saw only the outward appearance, and judged him accordingly; but as her acquaintance with him became more extended, she found that there was much concealed below the surface that was truly good, and that the diamond only needed polish to make known its brilliancy. She was charmed with his talents and the virtues of his mind, while she regretted that they were concealed in so rude a casket. She had learned to look not at the attractive exterior alone. She sought the pure, high principles of the soul, knowing well that without these all outward grace and beauty would soon lose their attractions. An intimacy soon grew up between them, and after a lapse of two years she became his bride. She did not enter this holy state with the thoughtlessness which frequently characterizes persons in taking a similar step. She had thought much of its importance and solemnity, and had firmly resolved that if her future life was not a happy one, it should be no fault of hers.

As the day of the wedding drew near, there was one question in her mind to be decided, which required some firmness of character to decide aright. Should there be wine at the wedding? Ella had heard and seen much of the evils of intemperance. She had known young men of much promise, who had been totally ruined, by partaking of the first glass at the wedding, or social party. She had heard of instances where confirmed drunkards dated their ruin from the time when they had taken the first glass presented them by the "fascinating hand of female beauty." Could she then offer wine to her guests? Could she invite them there, and refresh them with that which would be as poison to their souls? Nay, could she present to him, whom she had chosen to walk hand in hand with through life, that fatal cup which might transform him into a demon, and embitter all her days? No, she could not thus tempt fate. She felt that if such should be the result, her conscience would upbraid her as the cause, not only of her own misery, but of the ruin of other precious perishing souls. The decision was soon made, and contrary to the prevailing custom there was no wine at the wedding. She had said nothing to Neville of all this, and knew not what his wish would be in regard to it. She had acted according to her own sense of right, and cared not what people might say or think of it.

The next evening after their marriage they were invited to attend a party, at the house of a friend, made in honor of their nuptials. Here the wine flowed freely, but the bride firm to her purpose, refused to partake of it. She stood with one exception alone. All partook of the poisonous draught, and sad was her heart to witness the

frequency with which her husband was asked to drink, to the pretended good wishes of his friends.

The evening was well nigh spent, when the conversation with which we began this tale, took place. Ella had frequently declined drinking with one, and another of her friends, during the evening, which seemed to be somewhat mortifying to Neville, though he made no remarks about it. At last he turned tempter himself.

"Will you not take one glass with me, Ella?"

How could she refuse it, when proffered with pleading looks, by the hand of him she loved?—How could she deny this request, made in the hearing of several witnesses? But she did refuse. She already trembled for the safety of that loved one, and would gladly have dashed the cup to the floor; how then could she be guilty of encouraging him to take another draught. She did not express her fears, or give the true reason why she could not drink, and only excused herself by saying that wine was disagreeable to her.

A close observer might have seen by her looks and manner, that there was a hidden meaning in her words; that there was more expressed in them than met the ear. There was a sadness at her heart, which she could not overcome, and glad was she when the hour of returning home arrived. It was with much grief that she learned that one or two young men in the company had drank so deep as to be unfitted to leave the house until they had slept off the effects of the stupefying poison, with which they had been drugged, and greatly did she rejoice that she had not been the guilty tempter—that the stain of their disgrace rested not upon her.

Neville was by no means addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and his lofty nature would have scorned the thought that he could ever be overcome by its influence. But like most others in the day of which we write, he felt bound to conform to the prevailing custom, and take wine when asked, with a friend. Ella never told him of her fears in regard to himself, but she let no opportunity slip of making known her feelings and principles on the great subject of temperance. She urged that no one could be safe who tampered ever so little with the poison, no matter how strong the mind, or how powerful the intellect might be; and she could instance the case of many individuals, whose noble natures, and highly cultivated talents had been prostrated and destroyed, by their tarrying too long at the wine cup. Her husband mingled much in public life, and his profession led him among those of high standing in society, where the "social glass" freely circulated. He thought he could not refuse to partake of its contents, unless he wished to appear singular, and give offence to his friends; besides he thought there was no danger.

Soon after they were settled in their new home, Neville mentioned his intention of purchasing liquors, to be kept for treating their friends who called. Ella was somewhat startled at this proposition; but she was not to be moved from her purpose. She gently, but firmly told him that she never would consent to have them brought into the house. He urged that they should do as others did, and such was the custom of their friends. Her reply was, that if her friends could not visit her without being treated with alcoholic poison, they might stay away, for she never would conform to that custom—and here the matter ended.

But there came a change! The great Washingtonian reform was nigh at hand. Ella hailed its approach with joy. It was truly a novel thing to hear it announced that a reformed drunkard was to address such persons as might convene to hear him, and what wonder was it that many went out of curiosity to see and hear this wonder of the age.

"My dear, are you going to hear the reformed drunkard this evening?" said Ella to her husband as they sat at tea on the afternoon of the day in which Mr. Pollard was to make his first speech to the citizens of their village.

"I don't know; I may go in a little while and hear what he has to say."

"I wish you would, and I hope he may induce you to sign the pledge."

"He will not do that. I am not going to put my name with reformed drunkards yet awhile," said Neville.

He went to the meeting, and came home much pleased with what he had heard. Again he went, and yet again. He was convinced by the plain truths and earnest appeals of the speaker, and finally together with hundreds of others, he placed his signature to the temperance pledge. And now Ella felt that he was safe—his eyes once open to see the danger of indulging the forbidden glass, and she feared little for his future course. And she judged him aright. He engaged at once, and actively in endeavors to raise and save the fallen victim of intemperance, and to prevent if possible, others from falling into the snare. His was no transient reform, to last only so long as it was popular, and then be laid aside. No, years have passed since then, and yet Charles Neville stands a firm, consistent untiring friend of the temperance cause, sacrificing his talents, time, and money to speed on the glorious reform.

Ella looks back to the day of his signing the pledge, as one of the happiest of her life. She feels that possibly she may owe to it the blessings which have followed, and still cluster around her pathway. The cause of temperance is dear to the hearts of both, and hand in hand they are laboring to alleviate the sorrows of the poor degraded drunkard, and restore him to happiness.

And now dear reader my tale is told—and it is no picture of the imagination, but an "over true tale." To my lady readers I would say if you would save your husband, brother, son or lover, from the dangers which cluster around the wine cup, take a decided stand that you will never give countenance by word or deed to the debasing custom which still prevails to a considerable extent in society. You may thus be the means of leading many away from the paths of degradation and misery, and save yourselves and those you love from becoming victims of the destroyer.

Seneca Falls, Aug. 1849.

There is a sunny side to each one's lot, though ever so bleak. Even the prisoner in his dungeon hath penitence and the hope of a better world.

Work to-day: you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

A lady was recently asked to join the Daughters of Temperance. She replied that it was impossible, as she was going to join one of the Sons soon.

Temperance House, AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

THE LILY

Is published at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the first day of each month, by a Committee of Ladies.

TERMS. *Bloomer*
 Single copies, \$.50 per year.
 Five " 2.00 "
 Ten " 4.00 "

Any person acting as our agent, shall be entitled to a premium of twenty-five per cent on all moneys sent to us, or \$7 for fifty subscribers. Subscriptions invariably in advance.

All orders and letters must be addressed (post paid) to the "Publishers of the Lily,
 Seneca Falls, N. Y."